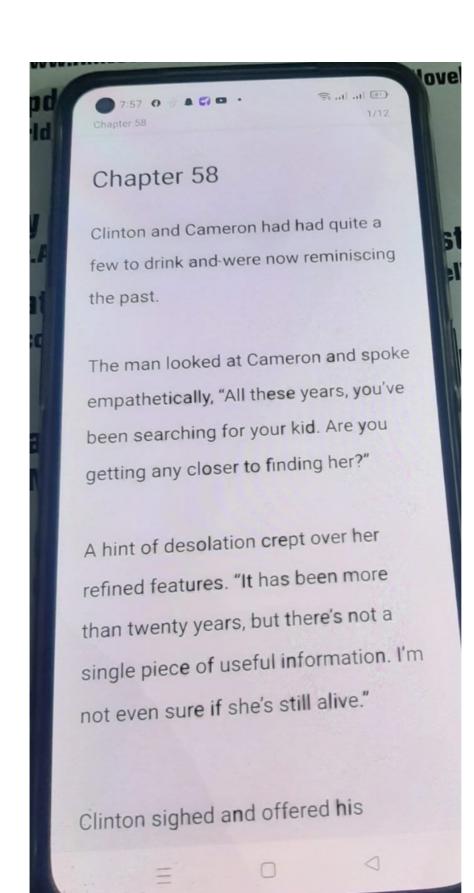
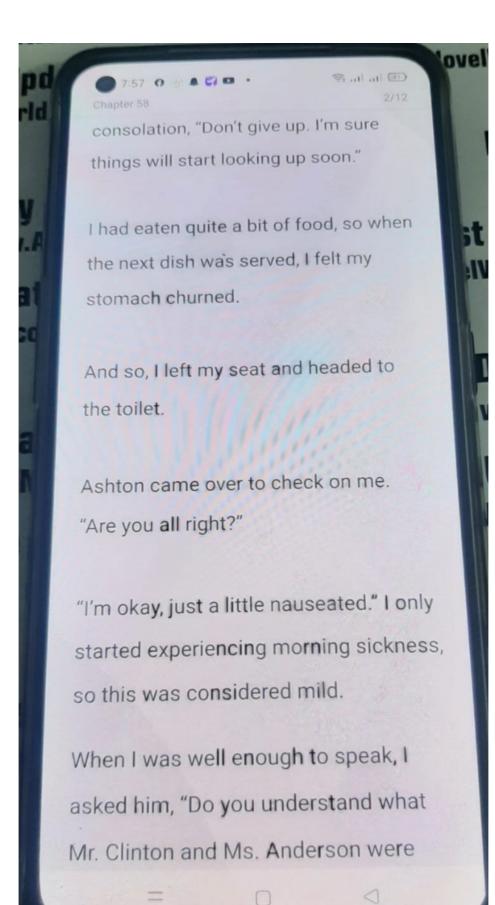
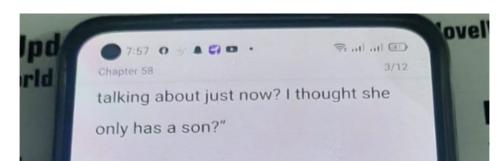
okay after all.

As we continued to drink and dine, the guests were more loosened up.

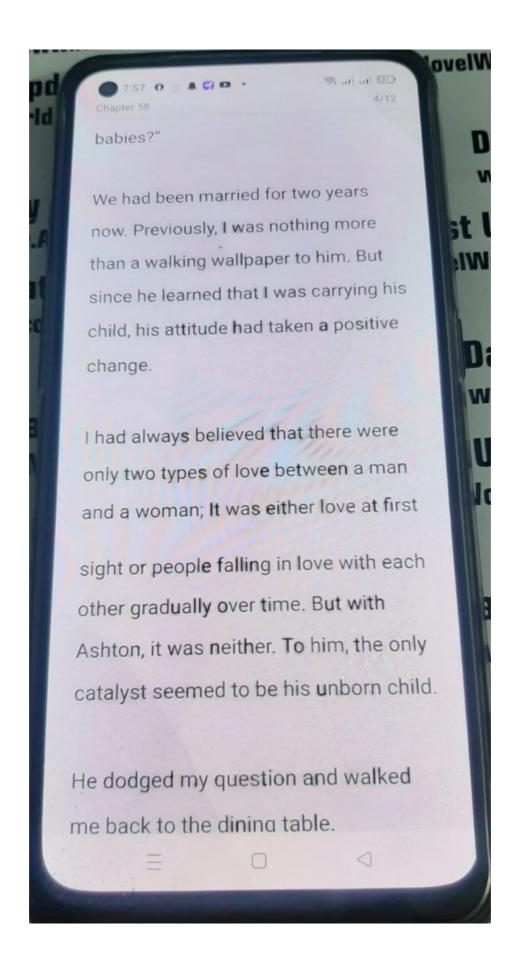


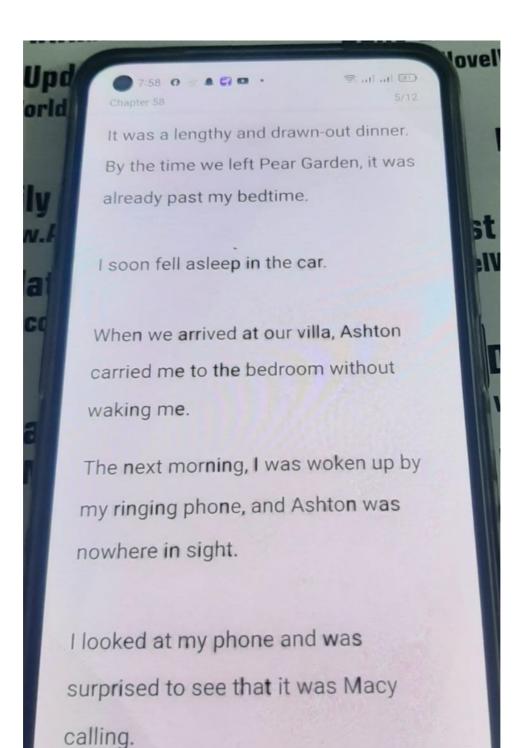




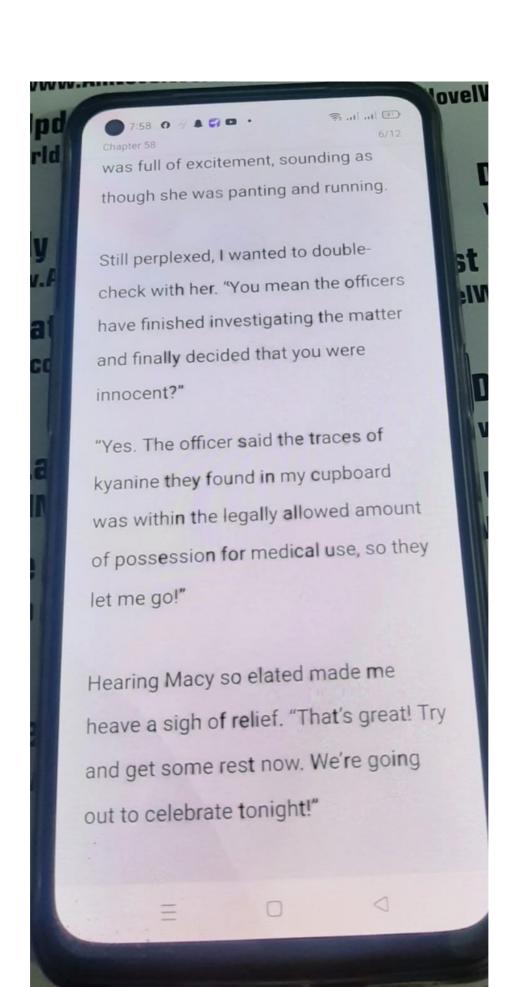
He then led me out of the toilet and seated me down at a chaise longue in the corridor. Placing his big hand on my lower belly, the man slowly explained, "Ms. Anderson had another marriage before she married Nick's father. She and her ex-husband had a daughter, but he abandoned the child, and Ms. Anderson has been looking for her since then."

Ashton's warm palm did not leave my lower belly as he spoke. I had never seen such a gentle expression on his face. With a smile, I looked at him and asked, "Ashton, do you really like





"Babe, I'm free! I'm free!" Macy's voice



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"Yes! Let's have barbeque, steak, seafood..." she rattled off all the food she could think of, and I agreed to all of them. "Alright. Go home now and take a nap. I'll call you when I get off work later."

"Okay!"

My mood was also elevated after hanging up the phone.

I remembered that when I was little, my teacher was always telling us kids that the world was a just place. Everything we did would fall under only one of two camps, either right or wrong. But over the years, I inevitably learned that there was no absolute right or wrong in this

world.

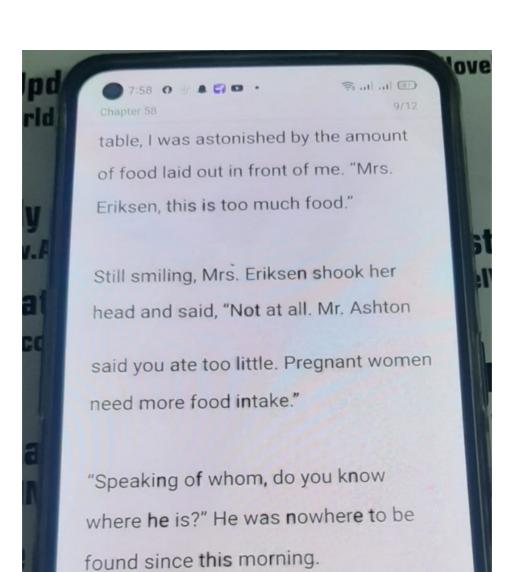
Just as we shouldn't judge a book by its cover, we couldn't categorically declare a person as wholly good or evil.

After washing up, I went downstairs to see a feast already prepared by Mrs.

Eriksen. She smiled at me and said,

"Good morning. Come and try a few of these dishes. Let me know which ones you prefer."

My eyes searched one round for Ashton but to no avail. As I sat at the



"He has gone to the office. Someone kept calling him since early morning," Mrs. Eriksen muttered. I nodded in acknowledgment while planning my day ahead in my head.

